

FORD TIMES

december 1952



C. J. Morrison 1952



design by Charles Harper

Horseless Carriage Adventures

No. II—HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

In 1915 the Christmas trip to the old home wasn't a smooth ride in a heated and defrosted car. A winter trip was an adventure. You might get there and you might not.

For defense against zero blasts there were side curtains as complicated as a dress pattern. You had to have fingers of steel to stretch them into place. For defroster, a lighted candle placed behind the windshield melted off an area the size of a mince pie. Buffalo robes warmed the legs. A shovel lay on the floor of the tonneau, and the battle to bring the engine to life prompted language not in the Christmas spirit.

Yet the Model T of 1915 made one concession to comfort. The driver's side of earlier models had been open to the weather, like a buggy. Now it was enclosed, and it had a door. True, the door didn't open, but it *looked* like a door, and a reasonably agile person, if need be, could always leap over the side. Let the breezes blow!

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The "Commodore"— Texas Riverboat

story and paintings by John Rosenfield

IN central Texas, five hundred miles west of the moss-draped streams generally associated with Old South riverboating, there plies a 100-foot-long sternwheeler named the *Commodore*. She churns her wake along the middle reaches of Texas' Colorado River, between deep gorges studded with cactus and yucca; along highland slopes covered with cedar, live oak, and mountain laurel.

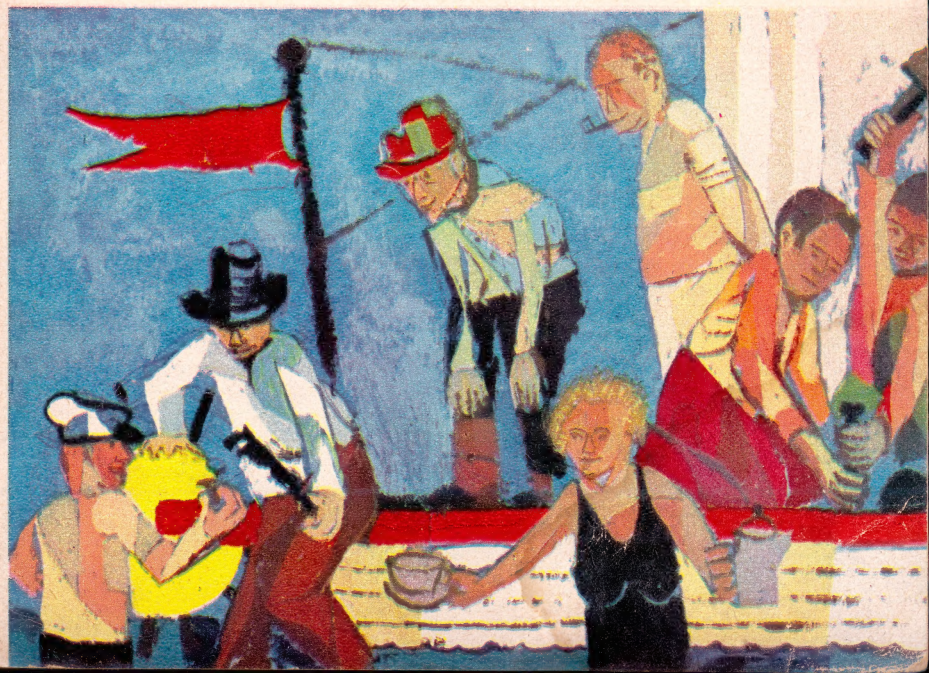
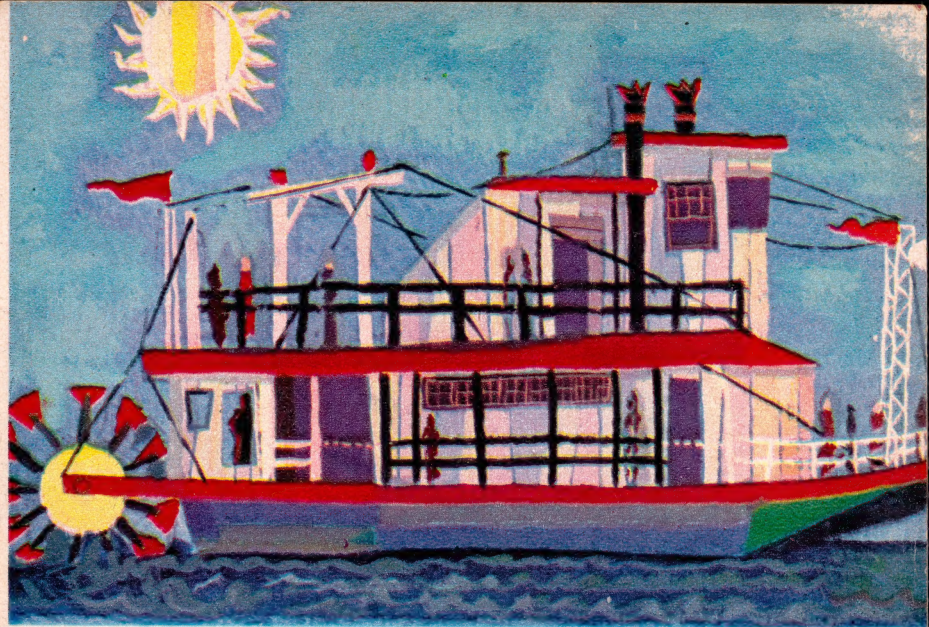
Until a series of dams tamed the Colorado, the river fluctuated too much between low water and flood for such an ambitious craft to operate. But with the river stabilized, a prosperous Austin lawyer named Marion Fowler was able to realize a long-held desire: to build and operate the largest boat on the inland waters of the Southwest. He was to have a free hand because the last such boat to cruise the Colorado was the old *Ben Hur*, in service in 1895.

Fowler had plenty of help on his project. Sharing his boating enthusiasm, besides his wife and three sons, were many friends, including proprietors of land-locked yet helpful firms, all of whom contributed to the building of the *Commodore*.

The Fowlers got their hand in by building skiffs and increasingly larger craft up to a scaled-down version of the *Commodore*. Then, in 1949, they laid the keel of the big dream: the 100-foot, two-deck sternwheeler. Six months later the *Commodore* was completed and placed in commission as a charter-excursion boat.

The *Commodore* (which Texans persist in calling the *Old*

Above right: The "Commodore" cruises a cactus-land river.
Below right: Friends and relatives helped to build the boat.



Commodore despite the fact that it is only three years old) cruises a twenty-mile stretch north of Tom Miller Dam with up to 225 passengers aboard. Scout, church, or University of Texas groups make up a large percentage of the loads which embark at a special dock on the outskirts of Austin. A typical excursion includes a stop eight miles upstream at Greenshores, the Fowler estate, where the *Commodore* was built.

Mr. Fowler is the chief pilot, Mrs. Fowler arranges bookings and handles the crowds, the three boys work as deck hands, and Otto Klein, an employee, serves as chief engineer. Fowler hired naval architects to make blueprints from his specifications, and had J. A. Farley, a shipwright from the Gulf port of Aransas Pass, Texas, come to Greenshores to superintend construction.

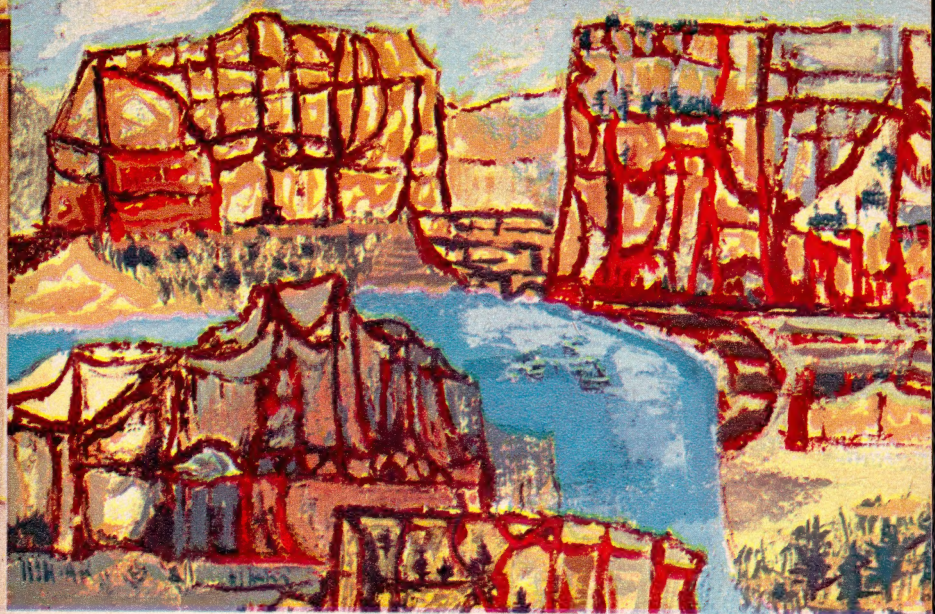
The craft they produced in six months has a beam of 24 feet. Her lower deck is enclosed and contains the engine room, soft drink bar, and public salon. Above is a sun deck, half covered, and containing the pilot house and captain's cabin. The *Commodore's* flat bottom draws only 18 inches of water which makes her ideal for negotiating shoreline weedbeds in late fall.

Twin 10-foot paddle wheels drive the boat seven miles per hour at 23 rpm. Swearingen-Armstrong, Ford dealer in Austin, is one of the firms which helped, providing engines, equipment, and mechanical service. Fowler first used a 95 horsepower Ford Six engine, driving the paddles through an 80:1 reduction ratio. The first engine was later replaced with a Ford 112 horsepower Six which still powers the craft. So adaptable have these engines proved that Fowler uses one in his private pleasure craft, the stubby 36-foot *Commodore's Pup*, which looks something like a pilot house with a paddle wheel.

The result of Fowler's careful, professional approach is two handsome boats with records of good operating efficiency. The *Commodore* holds a commission as "Riverboat of the Texas Navy," signed by Beauford Jester, former governor, with the official state seal affixed.

This unit of the Texas Navy, however, has always been devoted to such peaceful purposes as running excursions for college students in the warm evenings of early autumn. Marion Fowler doubts that it will ever do otherwise. ■

The "Commodore" on a moonlight excursion→



Ole Debbil Fish

by Jack Stark

photograph by Dix Teachenor, Jr.

DOWN in the lazy White River fishing village of St. Charles, Arkansas, two Kansas Citians named Jim Brace and Dix Teachenor, Jr., appeared one day to catch an alligator gar. They'd heard about this gar: a weird, prehistoric fish that runs taller than a man, with scales so tough Indians used them for arrowheads, with three rows of teeth and four nostrils, a fish with both lungs and gills that, according to natives, "tail-walks like a sailfish, rolls like a porpoise, leaps high like a tarpon, grunts like a pig and hisses like a mad alligator."

How does he fight? they wanted to know. The answer was that he battles on the surface, stays on the bottom, and rushes at you with gills wide open.

Is he dangerous? they asked.

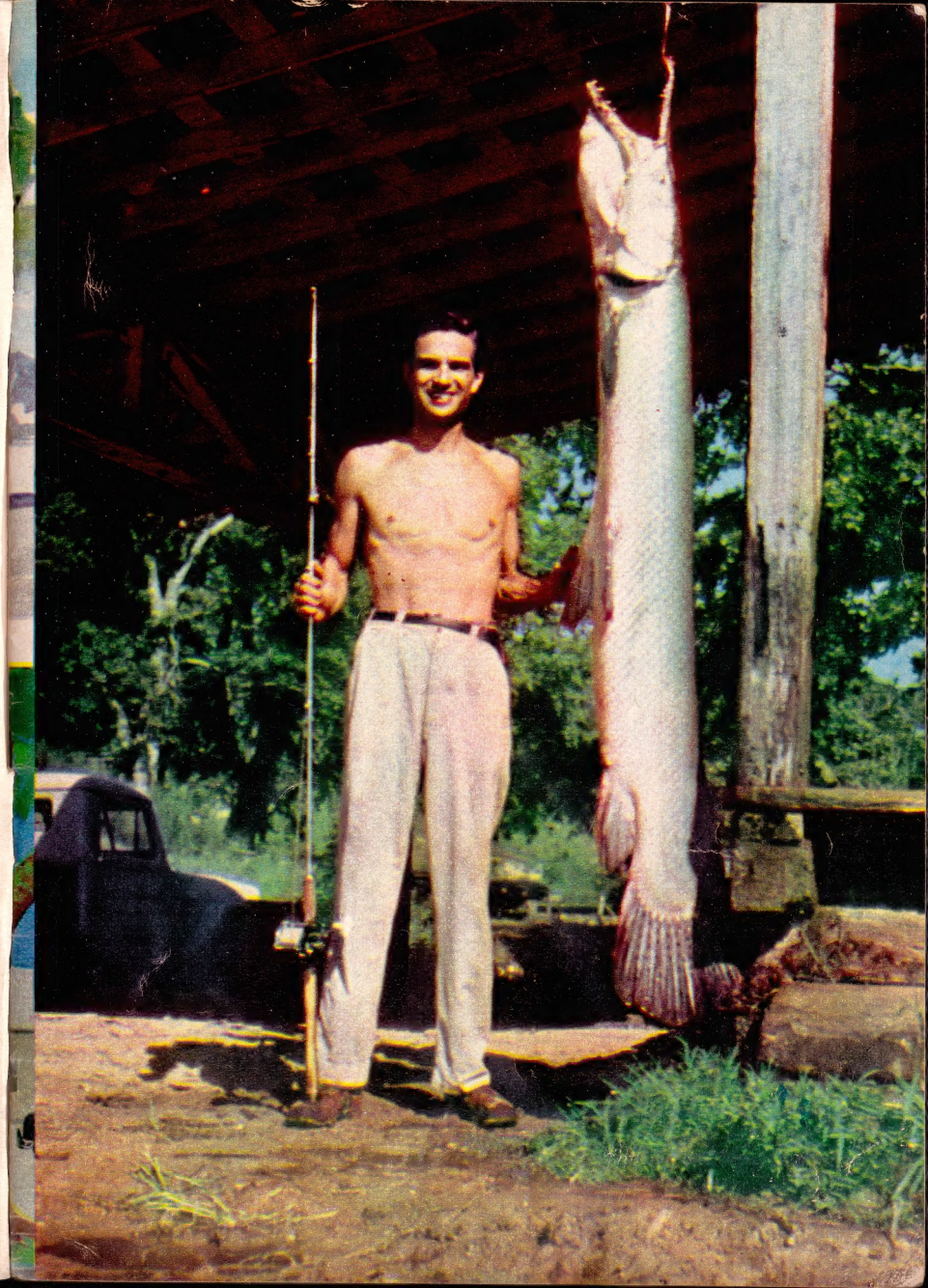
"No," drawled the natives. "Not really. Of course a few persons have lost arms or legs and twelve years ago Jed Harris dove down into the river and never came up again."

Jim and Dix had a boat, tents, and lake trout fishing tackle. To the line they fixed large gang hooks and for bait they used bloody carp and catfish heads. They fished in the middle of the stream, in four to seven feet of water.

The gar they caught, after an exhausting fight, measured seven feet one inch and weighed 129 pounds. Jim Brace is shown holding it, in the picture at right. But theirs wasn't the biggest caught around White River. The record fish, gaffed by Dr. S. A. Drennan of Stuttgart, Arkansas, was over eight feet long and weighed 190 pounds.

The two fishermen decided that they'd have to try again, next year. Two things intrigued them: first, that the monstrous gar can give an angler the fresh-water equivalent of a sailfish battle; and second, that these fish, which roll by the thousands in the White River, outnumber the fishermen by ten to one.

Gar fishing is still an undiscovered sport and therefore a fine opportunity for the angler to whom size and impressiveness of catch are the principal sources of thrill. ■



Dwig's Tom Sawyer Town—

Poplar Bluff, Missouri

notes by Edmund Ware Smith

illustrated by Clare Dwiggins

POPLAR BLUFF, MISSOURI—We feel a kind of double obligation to this southern Missouri town. First, it's in Mark Twain country—hills and nearby caves, lazy, beguiling rivers, boys on rafts and in johnboats, and the Big River itself only a few miles away at Cape Girardeau. Second, Poplar Bluff is Clare Dwiggins' Tom Sawyer Town. In these pages Dwig's deft hand has re-created for us Tom Sawyer, Huck Finn and boyhood, in watercolors that mark him as the old master of the spirit of American youth at play, in travel, and in love.

* * *

There's a tall water tower as you enter town on U. S. 67, 160 miles south of St. Louis. A couple of kids are in a field not far from the tower. They are gazing at it in sore temptation and daring each other to climb it. But it seems the Poplar Bluff authorities do not encourage the feat.

"Well, anyway," one boy says to the other, "my brother climbed it."

"My brother climbed it twice," says the other boy.

This seems to settle something, and they walk across the field into the pine woods, side by side.

We decide to stay at the Northwold Autel on the outskirts of town, and it is a happy choice. A hickory log burns in the lobby fireplace, and the flame gives off a sleepy hissing. The Northwold is owned by Dr. and Mrs. Henrickson, and they know all about Dwig, and the boys and girls his drawings portray, and their fathers and mothers. 'Most everyone seems to be a friend or relative of Dwig's—Dr. Brandon, Dr. Lindsay,



J. C. Anderson, Henry Davis, Truitt Vinyard, Web Welker.

* * *

In the Northwold Restaurant, the menu offers traditional roast turkey for the holiday season. It offers something else, too: an item of singular appropriateness for Dwig's Tom Sawyer Town. To wit, *The Catfish Special!*

We inquire of the pretty waitress: "Who caught the catfish? Huck Finn?"

"Someone like that, I reckon."

Further dialogue brings forth the advice that the war veterans in Poplar Bluff's new, native limestone Vets' Hospital get out a little newspaper called *The Mule Twain*.

Poplar Bluff's regular, daily newspaper is *The American Republic*, run for years by the late John Wolpers, and now operated by his descendants.

* * *

We are touched by the names of Poplar Bluff's streets. They tell of the trees of the Ozark country—the trees on the hills, along the rivers and limestone cliffs: Elm Street, Vine, Hickory, Pine, Sycamore, Cedar, Spruce, Cherry, Mulberry, Oak, Maple.

The Black River, slow and sleepy, meanders through town. To get to the River Road, we drive past Guy Shakelford's Ford dealership, the Bluff City Motors, on East Pine.

* * *

It isn't streets that make a Tom Sawyer Town. It's outskirts. Dwig's town has got outskirts, and they are composed of creeks where some boys were fishing; caves for exploration; wide, brown fields for quail and rabbit hunting; red dirt roads winding to the countryside. On one of these roads, we see a platoon of boys on bicycles. But to judge by the boys' apparel—the costumes of Cassidy and Autry—the bikes are not bikes at all, but as many Palomino stallions in a race with death. Tom Sawyer and Joe Harper played Robin Hood and pirates. Hopalong and the Space Ships were then unborn. But the dream of glory is the same. And so the dream of love. On a sequestered sycamore tree, two linked hearts are carved in the mottled bark. "H. J. loves L. R."

* * *

Five miles from town is Lake Wappapello with a hundred



DOC LINDSAY, FRUIT VINYARD & WEB WELKER.
LISTENING TO THEIR FOX HOUNDS SING

miles of shoreline. Boys and girls bike out from town for picnicking and fishing. You can rent johnboats there, those long, square-ended fishing and floating craft. A johnboat is to the Ozarks what a canoe is to Maine. We never knew why they call them johnboats, till we made inquiry of a redheaded Tom Sawyer with freckles.

"Do you know why they call 'em johnboats?" we asked.

"Why, sure! Because they always called 'em johnboats."

* * *

There is much talk of caves, and Poplar Bluff's vicinity has a supply adequate to any boyhood. At Keener Cave, twelve miles north of town, you can go back under the earth an enchanting distance by boat to marvel at the damp, fantastic display of nature's masonry. Stalactites, stalagmites! You use flashlights, now. You don't write, "Tom Loves Becky" with candle smoke any more. But the lure is the same. And Jesse James once used Keener Cave for a hideout.

Mostly within an hour's drive are rivers for fishing and johnboat floating: Castor River, Cane Creek, Ten-Mile Creek, Beaver Dam Creek, Jack's Fork, Eleven Point River, Current River. Big Spring, on the Current, is one of the world's largest natural springs.

* * *

You have to have statistics, even in a Tom Sawyer Town. Poplar Bluff, seat of Butler County, population about 18,000, fine hospitals, 160 miles from the St. Louis Cardinals' dug-out, movie theatres, cotton gins, thriving business, nice motels.

But the Tom Sawyers of the town have certain extremely vital statistics, unlisted. There's the river. There's the packing case shack, Dogs Allowed. There's the Missouri Pacific railroad tracks. In the dark of night, when they hear the train whistle, do the kids call it, "The long-journey sound"? They must, for sure. Because we used to do the same when we heard the whistle of the Boston & Maine, before Diesels—but not before Dwig.

So we are thinking this, and feeling this, and remembering it as we walk into the Northwold Restaurant on our last night in Dwig's Tom Sawyer Town. The pretty waitress takes our order, but we call her back, and say:

"Is it too late to change?"

"Oh, no, sir! What'll it be?"

"The Catfish Special, please."





Guardian of Mobile Bay

story and photographs by W. M. Massey

You can reach Fort Morgan, thirty miles below Mobile, Alabama, by boat, or by small plane if you must hurry. But most visitors prefer the twenty-one-mile drive from Gulf Shores on the black ribbon of asphalt that stretches tight across the shifting white sands. The long finger of land points west and at its tip is the old bastion that has guarded Mobile Bay under five flags and through four wars.

When you arrive at the fort you will meet Hatchet Chandler, a most remarkable and versatile custodian, who will lead you first to old Fort Serof, the spot which the Spaniards first fortified with logs after taking the site from the Indians in 1558. In the center of this little fort is the old brick "hot shot" furnace used to bring cannon balls to a red heat.

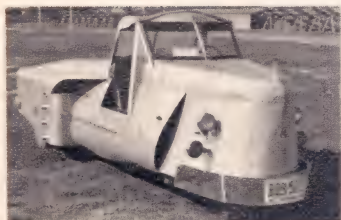
A path across the sand-filled moat on the Gulf side leads to the main fort buttress. Before you reach it Hatchet will have shown his prize discovery, a stone inscribed: "U. S. East Boundary, 1778." The site of the main fort was acquired from Napoleon in 1803. Construction, started in 1813 and briefly interrupted by the British in 1814, was completed in 1828. Built in the shape of a five-pointed star with elaborate arched vaults and connecting corridors, Fort Morgan has been acclaimed as the finest specimen of brick architecture in the United States. Remains of old gun emplacements are shown in the upper view; in the lower picture are two of twenty-one arches now remaining.

Modifications made during three more wars are found throughout the old fort's walls. Abandoned in 1921, Fort Morgan was later deeded to Alabama as a state park. A hotel and three piers provide for visitors and the zealous fisherman who in recent years have defended the fort against the formidable mackerel, ling, black fish, king fish, black snapper, jack fish, tarpon, pompano and speckled trout that abound in the surrounding waters. ■



CUSTOM CONVERSIONS

by Burgess H. Scott

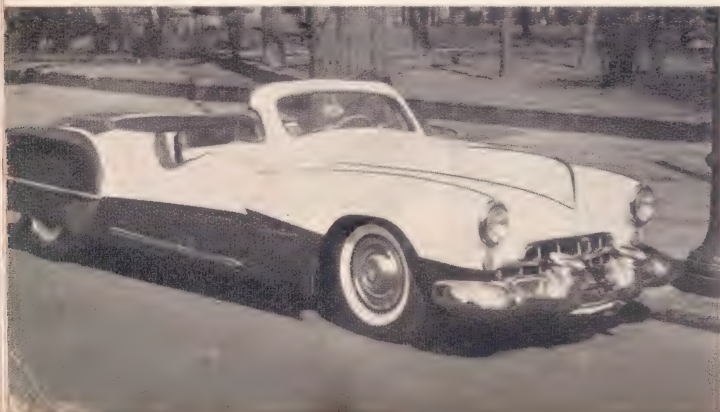


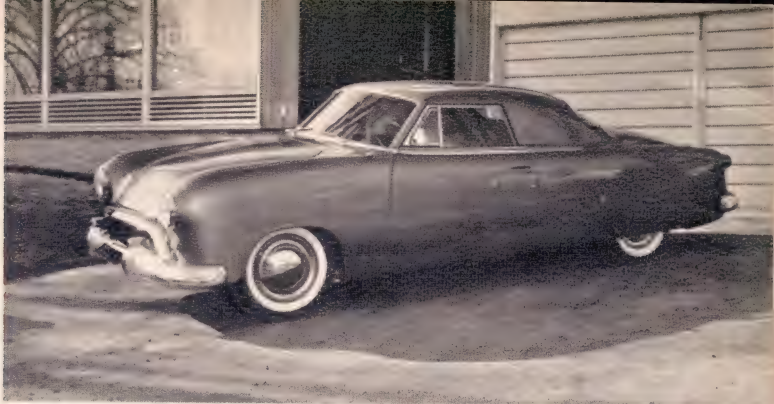
THE unusual car pictured at left is the work of Marine Sgt. Roger J. Harris of Portsmouth, Virginia, stationed now at Cherry Point, North Carolina. Sergeant Harris' car is a three-wheeled vehicle and is the result of a childhood penchant for building three-wheeled wagons.

Sergeant Harris planned his car during years overseas, and then used his mustering out pay in 1947 to finance the start of construction. His power plant is a 100 hp Ford V-8 engine which gives him an average of 21 miles to the gallon.

The three-wheeler's equipment includes hydraulic brakes, heater and radio. Sergeant Harris says he hasn't opened the car up, but that it rides the highway ably at 70 mph. His only difficulty so far was when he applied to the State of Virginia for registration papers. Not being familiar with three-wheeled automobiles, the registrar required some time to classify Sergeant Harris' creation. Seeing that it was powered by a Ford engine and contained Ford parts, the registrar declared it to be a "Ford coupe" and the sergeant is still driving it on that basis.

The hood and chassis of the roadster pictured below are those of a 1941 Lincoln. It was built by Ed Rotzell, Philadelphia automotive parts dealer, who used a 145 hp F-8 Ford





truck engine for a power plant. Rotzell lowered the body 16 inches to obtain an overall height of 48 inches. He figures the top speed at 125 mph and says that the mauve and cream car causes a sensation when it rolls down the Philly streets.

Above is pictured a 1951 Ford Victoria that was converted by Mike Bunero and Charles Mees, who are the proprietors of an auto body shop in Fairview, New Jersey. The principal job was a three and one-half-inch mid-sectioning, which means removing a strip of body metal from the center of the body all around. The top was cut three inches in height and the suspension was lowered to provide a final height of 54 inches. The radiator was cut four and one-half inches to clear for the drop-nosed hood.

A 1940 Ford chassis and running gear are the basis for the road-hugging roadster pictured below. The car was built by Eugene F. Sloan, Seattle, Washington, as a hobby. ■



1. White Bird

1. The bandits who hid \$75,000 in gold on the Salmon River near White Bird died with their secret. The gold may still be there.

2. Somewhere near Idaho City, \$90,000 worth of gold dust was hidden after a stage coach robbery. The robbers were killed and the gold has never been found.

3. A lone bandit robbed a stage of \$50,000 near Boise and was found dead of wounds by the posse a day later. He had buried the loot before he died.

4. Somewhere in Kuna cave there is a heavy strongbox full of gold.

OREGON
IDAHO

Knox

Cascade

(15)

Idaho City

BOISE

(21)

Knox

(41)

(3)

Nampa

(85)

SNAKE RIVER

(30)

Mountain Home

(51)

IDAHO

IDAHO

NEVADA



To Idaho for Hidden Gold

by Clare D. Conley

maps by Robert Boston

TREASURE hunters of the eastern seaboard may talk all they want about pirates, ships and bullion, but for down-to-earth gold hunting, Idaho is the land of plenty.

The idea of ranging through lava fields and sagebrush for buried treasure may seem silly to people with Spanish doubloons on their mind, but the treasure is there, believe it or not. Moreover, it was buried in comparatively recent times, unlike the undocumented Captain Kidd loot of centuries ago.

There is one similarity between Idaho treasure and the treasure in dead men's chests: both were accumulated illegally. The treasures of the East were amassed under the Jolly Roger on the high seas, while the loot of the West was taken at gunpoint by masked bandits on horseback.

As it was with pirates of old, so it was with the outlaws of the West—many of them were killed before they were able to recover gold they had hidden from the law. But unlike the pirates, the frontier bandits often left directions to the stolen loot, complete and sometimes quite complicated.

For instance, there was a quartet of robbers whose luck ran out when the law shot and killed two of them. The third then turned on the fourth and killed him, but his attempt to leave Idaho with a load of gold failed when his horse refused to budge beyond the mouth of Camas Creek in Jefferson County.

Killing the horse, he buried most of the loot and took a portion to his boyhood home in the Midwest where he lived an honest, fearful life. When the thought of the buried gold had nagged him beyond endurance, he teamed up with another man in an effort to recover what was estimated at \$150,000. In the end he decided not to go, but gave directions to his partner. In spite of this the gold is still lost.

There is another story of a robbing foursome. They came out of the Jackson Hole country and netted \$100,000 in a stickup,

5. A man named Cleveland found a ledge of gold on the Salmon River. He took all he could carry to the San Francisco mint but he never found the ledge again.

6. A prospector found gold quartz assaying \$18,000 a ton on the Salmon near Robinson Bar. He drowned in a spring thaw and no one has found the strike since.

7. A man found several bars of gold while mining lime during the Lemhi County gold rush. He hid them but was never able to find them again.

8. A robber hid a plunder of gold bars in a cave in Butte County. When captured, he agreed to lead others to the scene, but he escaped and left Idaho forever.

9. A wagonload of sacks of gold at \$2000 a sack! Follow the old trail between Arco and Blackfoot. The treasure is still there.

10. The directions to a lost gold hoard in the Craters of the Moon Monument are explicit but the gold is still lost.

11. Two bandits buried \$75,000 in gold on the Big Wood River when their horses were shot under them. The bandits were killed later. The gold has never been seen.

12. A treasure in stolen gold lies hidden near the City of Rocks.



but a pursuing posse killed two and wounded a third, who later died. The remaining man buried his partner and the gold in a cave near Rea, a small town on the Snake River in eastern Idaho. He was captured in Montana and gave directions to the hidden swag, but no one has found it yet. Fortune hunters still try though—looking for a lonesome trail, a ford on the Snake, and a grave.

Even the notorious Plummer gang figured in the outlaw activities of Idaho. In Clark County, at a spot now known as Hold-up Rock, a stage carrying gold was traveling through a canyon. As it neared the rock, four men appeared, and after an exchange of shots, the gold was no longer on the stage, but in the hands of the Plummer gang. Quickly a posse was formed. In a running gun battle two of the men were wounded, captured, and left performing the "mid-air dance." The other two men hid the gold east of the railroad Y in Beaver Canyon.

They could not evade the law for long, however, and were captured. With a little prompting the two outlaws described where the booty was hidden. Officers searched the area, but were unable to find it, and before the two highwaymen could be forced to lead the officers to the loot, the vigilantes hanged the last two members of the Plummer gang to a beam of a log cabin.

One of the most incredible stories of gold stealing occurred along the highway from Silver City to Boise when a single highwayman took possession of a strong box from a passing stage. When the stage was out of sight, the story goes, the man hitched his rope to the strong box and dragged it across the sagebrush plain to Kuna Cave, a gaping, six-foot hole in the level plain which extends into a labyrinthine cave. The gunman dropped into the cave just as a posse closed in, so the posse set up an all-night vigil at the cave's one entrance. The highwayman, nevertheless, slipped out during the night. It is believed that the contents of the box are buried in the cave.

But if you want exact directions to a cave full of treasure, try Craters of the Moon National Monument. The eerie terrain of this volcanic country made it a perfect place for robbers to hide in when not plundering.

The monument made a good hideout for a second reason—Tim Goodale's Cutoff, a famous Idaho trail, passed through the edge of the lava flows, and it was a simple matter for outlaws to raid a stage and retreat into the barren lands where tracks were soon covered by the shifting volcanic ash.

MONTANA
IDAHO



YELLOWSTONE
NATIONAL PARK

13. A young freight hauler found a ledge of gold near Spencer, took samples to the assay office, and never found his strike again.

14. The vigilantes hanged four members of the Plummer gang who had buried stolen gold in Beaver Canyon. The dead men told no tales. The gold remains hidden.

15. In Fremont County, near the grave of a bandit, is the \$150,000 he buried before dying.

16. A \$50,000 treasure is buried in a dry gulch near Lidy Hot Springs. No amount of searching has been successful.

17. A band of robbers buried a stage-load of gold near the east side of Camas Creek. It is still waiting to be found.

18. When his packhorse refused to go farther, a bandit buried \$150,000 in gold at the mouth of Camas Creek.

19. The silver ore found by two bear hunters in Clark County assayed up to 1200 ounces a ton. They took what they could carry and never again found their way back.

20. A pair of gunmen lifted \$100,000 from four passengers of a stage. Most of it is believed buried near the scene.

21. A dying bandit gave his landlady a map to the location of \$50,000 in gold dust in Lake County.

LIDY HOT SPRINGS

Spencer

Ashton

Camas

SNAKE RIVER

IDAHO FALLS



Pocatello

Montpelier

Preston

IDAHO
UTAH



R. Denton

In the 1870's a band of outlaws maintained headquarters in a cave in this area, and in the cave they hid their stolen loot. After the outlaws were captured, they gave the following directions to their cave:

On the twenty-first day of June, mark the spot where the rising sun casts a shadow from an Indian head profile to a mound of lava westward. Using this line as a base, proceed directly from the head southward one half the distance between the first two spots and here the cave will be found.

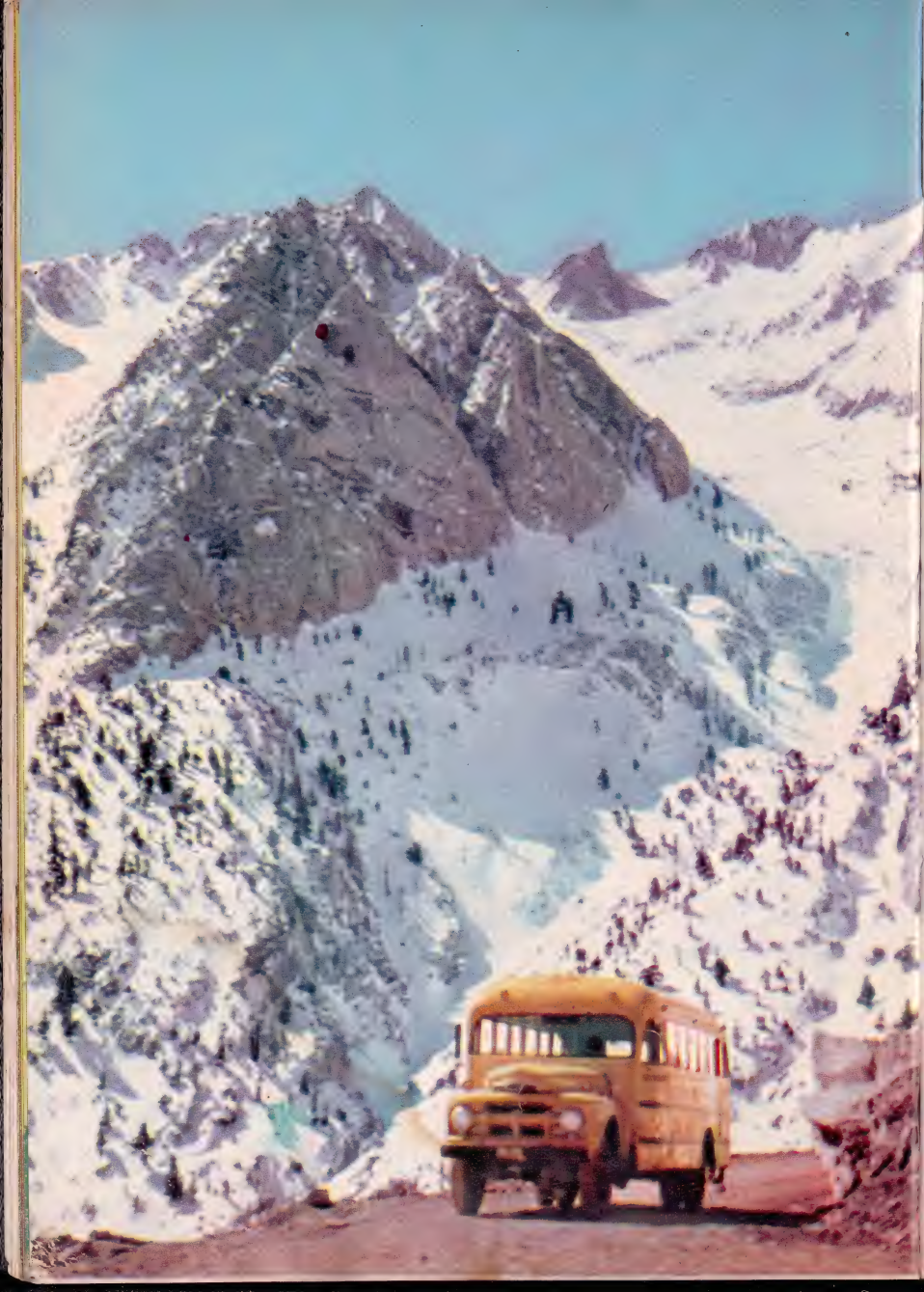
Sounds easy, doesn't it? Well, try it. Get there on June twenty-first and don't forget your compass and pick and shovel. The Indian head given in the directions is now known as the Old Man of the Craters, and the paved road in the monument passes within thirty feet of the rock. Some persons think the profile is more like that of George Washington than an Indian. Nevertheless, the cave has never been found.

Only one thing equals Idaho's buried treasure—and that is its plethora of lost gold mines where millions of dollars in rich ore have been reported and then lost.

A prospector named Swim once found a ledge of quartz honeycombed with gold in a hole left by a fallen tree somewhere between Robinson Bar and the mouth of the Yankee Fork River on the Salmon River. Swim hurried north to Challis where he registered his claim. Samples of the ore assayed at \$18,000 per ton. Winter overtook the man and by the time spring had melted away the snow, news of the gold strike had spread far and wide.

When the crowd of gold seekers reached Stanley Basin near Swim's claim, the prospector said that he would go ahead alone and make a few stakes for the persons who had grubstaked him. After several days, when he did not return, the others followed and found the place his horse had entered the flooded Salmon River. The remains of the horse were found later in a log jam, but the gold strike was never found.

The tales go on and on. There's gold in them thar (Idaho) hills, but a word of caution is in order to those all set to claim it. People have tried it before and they've only lost their money and broken their hearts. Idaho is a big state, and whoever finds a robber's cache in it will do so by luck, not by following directions. Besides, any good Idahoan will give a traveler this suggestion: Idaho's real treasure is her scenery; it's beautiful. Keep your eye on her mountains and valleys and leave the digging to dreamers. It's safer.



Top Shelf Metal

by Eileen Peck

photograph by Ned French

TUNGSTEN is a metal that is noted for being difficult to melt, and difficult to find and mine. The melting difficulty—you have to have a fire of about 3370° Centigrade—is its main asset, making it an ideal metal for use in light bulb filaments, distributor points, or any place where a metal has to withstand the intense heat of total or near incandescence.

The trouble in mining tungsten is that nature has placed the bulk of the United States' share of its ore high in the western mountains between the Rockies and the Pacific. Most of this ore is found at or near the 12,000-foot mark in the High Sierras of California. At Pine Creek, half way between Los Angeles and Reno, is located the world's largest tungsten mine, operated by the United States Vanadium Company. The original level of this mine was 12,300 feet, but recent tunneling has lowered that elevation to 9,400 feet.

Transporting three shifts of miners to the present tunnel entrance every day of the year is a problem of tungsten mining, but the Forc bus pictured at left is solving it nicely.

It's a 35-passenger, four-wheel-drive unit powered by the 110-hp Rouge 254 Six which travels the hairpin mountain turns with grades as steep as 23 per cent. Power in all wheels provides enough traction to prevent skidding, and the skill of the bus driver, Wallace Piper, maintains the company's rigid safety code, even though some of the switchback curves require backing the bus close to 1000-foot drops.

The bus was delivered at the time of the heaviest California snow in twenty years, when it was practically impossible for passenger cars to make the final three and one-half miles upgrade to the mine entrance. So well has Driver Piper learned his route that his thrice daily loads of miners relax and catch a snooze on the way to work. ■



The Passing of Whiskey Flat

story and paintings by Ray Millholland

ADAM HAMILTON rolled two whiskey barrels off the tailgate of his wagon, placed them upright and laid a plank across them. Then he put his stock in trade, a whiskey bottle and two tin cups, on the "counter" and he was in business. His was the first commercial enterprise in Whiskey Flat.

It probably never occurred to Adam on that day in 1858 that he was founding a town, but other merchants followed and the settlement soon grew into a sizable community—one which was destined to live for just about an even hundred years and then be obliterated for a reason that brings us right back to Adam Hamilton. He picked the wrong spot to set up his saloon.

Sometime next year the town that was Whiskey Flat will be under about thirty feet of water, at the bottom of a man-made lake. This four-square-mile lake will form behind the Isabella Dam which is being built across the lower end of the Kern River Valley in California.

The original gold rush on the Kern River was set off by a prospector with the wonderful name of Lovely Rogers, who was chasing a runaway mule. When Lovely got close enough to the mule he picked up a rock to throw at the critter. Some stories have it that the rock glittered in the sunlight and that Lovely recognized it for gold in midair. More likely, he threw his arm out of joint and sat down to nurse it. When his

Above left: Kern Valley, soon to become a lake.

Below left: The A. Brown store in Kernville.



← *An eighty-year-old house, destined to be moved.*

practiced eye fell on the gold-streaked quartz at his feet, he knew where to look for the vein from which it had fallen. Whichever way it was, the word got out and miners from all over California and Nevada rushed to the scene of the new strike. This was several years after the Mother Lode gold discovery farther north in 1849.

The Kern River gold fields never were as rich as the Mother Lode itself, but they lasted long enough to make Whiskey Flat a roaring frontier town of some two thousand inhabitants. It had its full quota of false front buildings, saloons, gamblers, and gunmen. Proof that there were numerous gun fights is to be found in Gunman's Row in the little cemetery near town. Here, it is said, those who were killed in gun fights were planted in a neat row by themselves, while the more sedate people were buried in other parts of the graveyard.

At one time, there was a considerable number of Chinese in Whiskey Flat. Their custom was to re-work the tailings after the other miners had hurriedly taken out the high grade ore. After the gold gave out, they found other ways to earn their living; doing laundry, cooking and working as house servants.

As the town grew, and more conservative people settled there, it was thought that Whiskey Flat was not just exactly the most suitable name for their community, so they re-named it Kernville.

Some people wish that the old name might have been kept. Flavor and individuality cling to those old place names of California—names such as Hangtown, later changed to Placerville; Jackass Gulch; Chinese Camp; Fiddletown; Rough and Ready; Dutch Flat and Fair Play.

Kernville, *née* Whiskey Flat, is situated in a beautiful mountain valley near the southern end of the Sierra Nevada Range, just off State Highway 178, about fifty miles east of Bakersfield. It has long been a center for fishermen and hunters, as well as for the ranchers of the South Fork Valley, which joins the Kern Valley just below Kernville.

This little mining town might have mushroomed into a big city if the railroad builders had listened to Richard Kern, in 1853. He wrote a report on the best transcontinental route between Sante Fe and the coast. He urged that the railroad, after crossing New Mexico and Arizona, should run over

← *The Mountain Inn, a famous Kernville landmark.*



← *Trees—everything that floats—will have to go.*

Walker Pass, down the South Fork Valley (past our little town), through the precipitous Kern River Canyon, then over the low Coast Range to the Pacific Ocean.

The rails, instead, were laid in a more southerly route to a little town with a big name: El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles.

The motion picture companies of Hollywood discovered Kernville some years ago, and many hundreds of westerns have been made there. The inhabitants of Gunman's Row must have stirred in their graves and reached for their six-guns every time a sheriff's posse chased a gang of badmen or Indians, whichever the script called for, down the dusty streets, shattering the air with blank cartridge bursts.

To get back to Adam Hamilton and the built-in doom of Whiskey Flat: he set up his whiskey barrel store on the bank of the river where it meanders through the relatively flat valley, after having gathered its waters from the high slopes of Mount Whitney, the highest peak in the country. Four miles below the town, the river is joined by its South Fork and immediately drops into a steep, rugged canyon. It is here, at the narrow head of the canyon, that the \$14,000,000 dam is being built. The lake which will be formed behind the dam will slowly but surely inundate the valley until the town that Adam started will be completely covered. He should have picked higher ground.

All will not be lost, however. The dam, which is a flood control project, will save many thousands of dollars annually for the ranchers down in San Joaquin Valley. The lake site will become a great recreation area, since it is to be stocked with game fish.

Construction was begun in 1948 and is due to be finished early next year. Work has already been started to move the town to higher ground a few miles upstream. Some of the houses will be moved but many of the homes of early settlers will be torn down. The old town of Whiskey Flat with its picturesque frontier town streets, buildings and trees will vanish.

The folks who are building the new village must surely be more closely akin to the temperate inhabitants of the early gold rush town, because they do not plan to call their new home Whiskey Flat. It will be known as New Kernville. ■

← *Kern River Canyon, where the stream is a torrent.*

At Home with Santa Claus

by Robert Hodesh

painting by Arto Monaco

WHEN they built the little village called North Pole up on the side of Whiteface Mountain in the Adirondacks they must have used a child's dream for a blueprint.

It is filled with all the things that give meaning to a young person's life—Snow White and Cinderella and other people from the fairy tales, Mother Goose and all her company, Alice who went to Wonderland, Tom Sawyer, and many others. Mother

Hubbard's cupboard is here—and it isn't bare, either. It is crammed with candies just so young visitors can raid it.

But the real accent of the village is on Christmas, and when the youngsters remember their visit that is probably what will stand out the strongest. As they wander in and around the ten steep-roofed pine log buildings they are reminded that Santa Claus lives here and that all the workers in the community are busy making the gifts and toys that turn this month's holiday into the supreme event in their lives.

Santa has a crew of eighty-two gnomes assisting him in turning iron, leather, glass and clay into toys, while saws buzz





and hammers ring and a real blacksmith works at his forge. There is even a mill wheel turning at a gay brook to provide power.

If the little-world flavor of the village reminds people of a Walt Disney movie, it is because the designer, Arto Monaco, worked as a Disney artist before designing the buildings and landscaping the grounds around them. His original idea was merely to operate a toy factory, but when the little daughter of a friend asked what Santa Claus did at the North Pole before distributing his gifts, the plan began to expand until it now encompasses a great deal of Christmas lore and tradition.

For example, one of the buildings is a chapel and in it is a Nativity scene that is one of the main charms of the village. Angels float above the tiny stable and the Christmas star bathes the whole scene in light. Lambs stand close to the manger while the camels and elephants used by the Eastern kings stand at a distance. The whole scene is worked out in remarkable detail and few of the young and old visitors fail to gaze at it in rapt attention. The chapel is on the shores of a man-made lake, across a rustic bridge.

Although the village has provided pleasure for those who have seen it since it opened in 1949, it has also been a source of joy to thousands of children who have never seen it at all. During the few weeks before Christmas, Santa Claus staggers away from the village under the burden of enormous sacks of toys, and, with the help of an airplane, distributes them to children in orphanages throughout the New England states, New York and New Jersey.

The money for the free gifts is provided by visitors to the village, who have dropped thousands of dollars in small change into a wishing well on the grounds. In three years, a quarter of a million people have visited Santa's Workshop, some families having made the trip as the main object of a vacation.

Parents who are planning to take their children to see Santa at work should remember that the village is open only from June 1 to November 1. But even though Santa is getting busier and busier each year, he makes it a point to greet personally all those who come to visit. With his friendliness, and the ever-bearing lollipop tree on the grounds, and the sheep, lambs, and rabbits that wander tamely about, a child will have something to remember forever.

The village is in northeastern New York at the town of Wilmington, near Lake Placid.





The Avenue of Flame Trees— a one-picture story

story and photograph by Verne O. Williams

IN 1929 a far-sighted park superintendent in Miami planted a mile of royal poincianas along both sides of South Miami Avenue, and when the trees are in flower, thousands of visitors drive under them in awe.

They give travelers from the north striking and astonishing proof that here is another part of the world. As the scarlet sprays first open, a yellow petal also appears, giving the effect of flame. And it does not diminish the amazing effect to say that the tree is a member of a tropical bean family.

A quickly-developed legend of Miami is that a beautiful dryad lives in each tree. But just in case she doesn't appear, the city has an annual Royal Poinciana Festival, with the crowning of a presiding queen.

"Ford Treasury of the Outdoors"

SIXTY-FIVE outdoor articles which have appeared in the FORD TIMES and the LINCOLN-MERCURY TIMES in the past five years have been collected into a new book, "Ford Treasury of the Outdoors," published last month by Simon and Schuster (\$2.00). This book has been made possible by the cooperation of Ford, Lincoln and Mercury dealers. It is a companion volume to the "Ford Treasury of Favorite Recipes from Famous Eating Places" which appeared two years ago and has been a best seller among cookbooks and restaurant guides ever since.

There is every indication that this new Ford Treasury will be equally popular. It is pocket size, like the FORD TIMES, has 256 pages—over 100 of them in color—and is cloth bound. It makes a perfect Christmas gift for anyone who likes the outdoors, or likes to read about it, or merely enjoys a good story. Approximately 150 paintings and photographs by outstanding artists and photographers are reproduced in the book in full color.

In planning the book, the editors chose the outdoor stories which have brought the most enthusiastic response from readers since 1947. All of the sixty-five articles are concise and lively, and they contain an astonishing amount of useful and interesting information.

A number of them are devoted to fishing, of many sorts and in many locales, such as angling through the ice on the Great Lakes, catching big ones on light tackle in Florida, grappling for abalone on the rocky California coast, float fishing in the Ozarks, and goggling in the Gulf of Mexico.

Hunting features in the book are equally varied. They include shooting grouse from a canoe, felling rabbits with tapsticks in the South, chasing wild boars in Tennessee, deer hunting with bow and arrow, and duck hunting in the Everglades. "The Shotgun Is Here to Stay" is an account of the attempted use by modern hunters of such ancient weapons

The book cover is a vibrant green with a collage of outdoor scenes. At the top left, a hunter in a yellow shirt and brown pants stands next to a large pile of harvested game. In the center, a white dog lies on the grass. To the right, a person is shown fishing from a small boat under a large tree. Below this, a person is depicted fishing from a shore. At the bottom, a person in a red shirt and blue pants is shown fishing with a long pole. The background is filled with various outdoor elements like trees, a tent, and a picnic basket. The title 'FORD TREASURY of the Outdoors' is prominently displayed in the center, with 'FORD TREASURY' in a bold, sans-serif font, 'of the' in a smaller, italicized font, and 'Outdoors' in a large, stylized script font. Below the title, the subtitle 'HUNTING · FISHING · CAMPING · WILDLIFE' is written in a bold, sans-serif font.



The cover of the new anthology, "Ford Treasury of the Outdoors," is reproduced at upper left, while at upper right are two of its many full-color illustrations, "Explorer's Tent" and "Fold-boating." Below are two typical double-page spreads, showing the extensive use of illustration that characterizes the entire book. The Treasury is a collection of readers' favorites among the outdoor stories which have appeared in the FORD TIMES and the LINCOLN-MERCURY TIMES during the past five years. It can be purchased at book stores or by mail from the publishers.



Coyote Hunt

Sportsmen would have to stand like a stone, disallowing sporting events that the owner himself finds "not in the spirit of the game." The owner is not a sportsman (and is not responsible).

The general idea of writing a part of your constitution on the chart of a owner and following the steps in *Football for the Blind* is a very important one. It is a very important one. It is a very important one.

One of the oldest of the human is a few. One of the oldest of the human is a few. One of the oldest of the human is a few.

1968 VM pickups, the observation resulting "taking just about

everything off it" in honor of the original loaf for his 100th birthday. In the state, he held several positions. A notable one was based on the chain work in the optical industry. But, his greatest achievement was in science, leading to several inventions.

With the days limited, Holmes takes off one day, the worst day of almost 2000 rough, he said. Prof. Manning, the fully professional

Both organisms have the same body plan: a central body with a head, a tail, and a few sensory appendages. The head is the most complex part of the body, and it is the only part that is not covered by the protective cuticle. The head is the only part of the body that is not covered by the protective cuticle. The head is the only part of the body that is not covered by the protective cuticle.



by James B. Henderson.

Printed by J. H. H. H.

[illegible][illegible]

as the slingshot, boomerang, bow and arrow, and even the crossbow.

FORD TIMES readers who have enjoyed Charles Culver's watercolors of common North American animals and birds will be pleased to find nine nature stories in the Treasury, illustrated by Mr. Culver. Charles Harper's designs of eight familiar fish—trout, bass, salmon, crappie, perch, catfish, muskie and sunfish—with brief descriptions and comments, make up another series.

Other articles describe unusual outdoor activities, such as mountain climbing, foldboating, smelt dipping, skiing vs. snowshoeing, swamp buggy hunting in the Everglades and beach buggy fishing on the Atlantic coast. "The Fish that Lays Eggs on Land," tells how picnickers scramble for grunion on a moonlit California beach. "With Fly Rod and Geiger Counter" recommends uranium hunting to give an added fillip to trout fishing in Canadian waters. "Poor Man's Salmon Fishing" debunks the idea that this sport must be expensive and exclusive.

Campers will find useful information in the story, "Get the Right Tent," a digest of the pros and cons of the umbrella, wall, pup, explorer, baker and lean-to models. "Camping with a Baby," and "Camp Cook Tells All" will delight women readers, while "Pathways to the Primitive" points to new worlds for campers to conquer.

Among the outstanding writers on outdoor subjects whose work is represented in the Treasury are Philip Wylie, James B. Hendryx, Pete Barrett, Edmund Ware Smith, Harold Titus, Franklin M. Reck, and George Heinold. Samuel Hopkins Adams contributes an engaging story entitled, "I'd Rather Go Crabbing," in which he defends the simple art of snagging a crustacean against the complicated and exacting pastime of pursuing the wily salmon.

The Treasury is a sort of ready-made scrapbook of favorite stories and illustrations from the FORD TIMES and the LINCOLN-MERCURY TIMES. Regular readers of these magazines are bound to rediscover stories which they always meant to read, but didn't, as well as stories which they liked and intended to save, but never got around to clipping.

Copies of "Ford Treasury of the Outdoors" can be obtained at book stores or department stores, or directly from the publishers by mail for \$2.00, postpaid. The address is: Simon and Schuster, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, New York. ■



Christmas Crop—a one-picture story

story and photograph by Ned French

FOR two weeks before Christmas the hillsides at the entrance to the Camp San Onofre section of the huge Southern California Marine Corps Reservation, Camp Pendleton, burst into flame as three hundred acres of poinsettias come into bloom. They extend from high on the hills on one side of U. S. Highway 101 to the ocean on the other. Set in a hollow between two hills is a small lake.

Paul Ecke, who leases these acres, supplies a large proportion of the Christmas poinsettias sold in the United States, growing them here and at his ranch nearby. Ecke's father, a Swiss farmer, settled near Los Angeles in the 1890's to raise vegetables. Improvement of the poinsettia was his hobby. When he died, his son Paul took over his experiments. The temperamental plant of unpredictable habits which Joel R. Poinsett brought from Mexico in the early 1800's has been developed into today's dependable and colorful Yuletide symbol. ■





Will it be a five pounder or a two hundred pounder?

Bridge Ahoy!

by Joe Brooks

paintings by Bernard Lippman

BRIDGE FISHING in Florida is an institution, and the most exciting target of the bridge fisherman is the tarpon. Particularly in southern Florida, where the waters are influenced by tide, bridges and tarpon go together like gold and silver. The tarpon lie under the arches waiting for food to come to them on the current.

Back in the recesses of the Everglades, or along the much-traveled Tamiami Trail, bridges provide shade for both the tarpon and the food upon which he preys. As a result, South Florida roads mean high adventure to the angler who likes

to cast for tarpon with flyrod, plug or spinning tackle.

A friend had told me how to find a little bridge back of Naples. "Drive east on the Tamiami Trail four miles. Turn right on the first dirt road. Go back in a mile, take first right turn, go another mile and you'll see the bridge."

He hadn't said a word about the state of the bridge, and when I saw the crumbling planks, with gaping holes here and there, I was glad that there was room in the road to turn. I faced the car around on the road back, and then got out to case the waters. The canal was about twenty feet wide and looked deep enough to hold sizable tarpon, and since it made in from the salt, I was pretty sure they would be there. Sure enough, as I watched, one rolled a few yards down the canal. By the time I had my rod out and was ready to cast, he was just forty feet in front of me and I dropped the fly a yard ahead of him. He took it as if he had been watching for that very lure, and came splashing out, headed for the blue, and threw the hook a mile in the air. For a minute he hung there, the whole silvery ten pounds of him gleaming in the sun, and then he fell back in.

The same friend who told me about that bridge later wrote me: "Going south on U.S. Highway 1 you make a right turn at Florida City and then you are on the road heading for the Everglades National Park. Go on past the famous Anhinga Walk (take time out for a look at the birds there, it's worth it) and continue on past the Royal Palm Ranger Station for about twenty miles. It's a coral rock road, not too bad. Then you come to the "hump-back" bridge, and that's the spot. In the canal around that bridge there are plenty of baby tarpon, fish from one to fifteen pounds."

He was right about that one, too. Fishing there was good for some fast and furious action as those ten pound "babies" did acrobatics over the mangrove limbs, went up to look at the sun, and then, when they had my knees wobbling, threw the hook or snapped the eight-pound-test leader. It was thrilling fishing, with an average of one tarpon landed for every ten hooked, and mighty lucky at that rate.

Another spot off the main stem is Steamboat Creek on what is known as "the old road to the Keys." You drive along the Overseas Highway for about three miles past Jewfish Creek, then turn abruptly back on this old road, go ten miles and turn left, and go two miles to the banks of Steamboat Creek where the charred pilings of a burned-out bridge mark the



Bridges and tarpon go together like gold and silver.

end of transportation. Sometimes the tarpon are rolling there and at other times the water is deceptively still. On one visit, I cast to the blackened pilings for half an hour and nothing happened. All the while I was casting, I was keeping what must have appeared to be a furtive lookout for tarpon rolling. Every now and again I would make a quick excursion to the right or the left for a more thorough look, and then return to my choice spot on the old pier. I had almost given up and was listlessly retrieving my fly when a voice startled me.

Two uniformed men stood right at my elbow.

"What are you doing here, and where are you from?" they wanted to know. I spotted the words "Border Patrol" on their shoulder insignia and feeling more than a little self-conscious about my furtive actions I gulped: "Tarpon fishing."

They eyed the dead looking water, and through their doubtful eyes I had a glimpse of what was going on in their minds. I pictured myself being hauled in under suspicion of transporting aliens and hiding them in the jungle along the road.

But as I continued to retrieve the fly I had cast, my presence

was justified. I snapped my head around just in time to see a twenty-pound tarpon do a double gainer. I tightened up, and, of course, broke him off.

"See what you made me do!" I yelled at the officers. "See!" They went away quietly, convinced that I was a tarpon fisherman, as specified.

There is even more sensational tarpon fishing in store for the bridge fisherman. Take any spring night and hang a moon in the sky and you have the setting.

One such night I parked along the Overseas Highway at Indian Key Fill Bridge, between Upper and Lower Matecumbe Keys. As I eased out close along the concrete rail, out of reach of passing cars, I heard the splash of rolling tarpon. I had a popping bug on the end of my leader and the very first cast brought a strike. That fish came out in a jump that seemed never to end. Up and up, the silver of its scales shining and phosphorescent water trailing behind like the tail of a comet. He seemed to go up about twenty feet and hang there a second, and then he fell with a thunderous crash on his side, a full hundred pounds of beauty. The flyrod in my hand felt like a splinter, and all of a sudden I realized that I wasn't breathing, just standing there, eyes popping, mouth open.

The fish stayed on, and the line melted from the reel as he headed for the Gulf Stream, five or six miles away. I thought of my eleven dollar fly line, pointed the rod tip in the general direction of the fish and broke him off deliberately, where the ten-pound-test leader held the fly.

There are very few feeder roads on the long thin line of the Keys but there is one spot at Big Pine Key where you can take a side road out to No Name Key. Like the Steamboat Channel road, this one leads to a derelict bridge where nothing now remains at one end except a few piers, then a channel, and beyond that the shaky section of the old bridge that still stands. But the tarpon are still there and that channel is a favorite feeding place for them. In April when the great hordes of migrating tarpon come to the Keys and stay around till August, you never know whether you'll hang a five pounder or a two hundred pounder.

On the east side of this channel, the water shallows to a couple feet in depth and in parts is so shallow that a fly will catch on the bar of shell or coral. Near that bank, on a recent visit there, I had hooked a couple of twenty pounders. But this time, as I scanned the water, I spotted a swirl that was

made by no mere twenty pounder. This was a tremendous fish. I tossed my fly hopefully to the edge of the widening circles, started the retrieve, and on the third strip he came for it. I saw him roll up, his mouth wide open to suck in the fly. I even heard the slurping sound as he took it, practically on the surface. I struck, and then watched the most thrilling performance I've seen in many long years of fishing. That tarpon came out of the water broadside. He looked a yard wide as he jumped away from me, seeming to stay at eye level for twenty-five feet, shaking his magnificent great body and shedding water over everything. Then he went under for a second, and came busting right out again, straight up into the air, eight feet of savage, gone-wild tarpon. He fell back in and shot out again, pronto, straight up. Then I realized what had happened. He had hit that bar and was pounding himself on it each time he fell back in. I began to think I might land him.

I should have known better. He came out again, this time right at me, gained the deep water of the channel and headed west. My hook pulled out, and I'm betting that tarpon was the first of that year's migration to grab a crab in Texan waters. ■

Take any spring night, and a moon, and you have the setting.



The Ancient Emblem

by Wyatt Blassingame

paintings by Charles Culver

THE eagle circled slowly, the white feathers of its head and tail glittering in the sunlight; the majestic, arched wings holding the great bird aloft without effort, almost without motion.

Suddenly, at that instant, the bird swooped, not falling rocklike but hurling itself downward, and without warning snatched up a brightly colored tablecloth that hung from a clothesline in someone's back yard. Before the dismayed housewife could move, the eagle was climbing again, off to its nest, the cloth flapping triumphantly behind it.

This happened last year in Anna Maria, one of the little keys off the west coast of Florida, but it could have been almost any place in North America. For though its numbers are diminishing, the bald eagle is still seen in every state, and so are its nests.

Those nests are something to

see. Invariably located at the very top of the biggest tree, they are shaped like a giant ice cream cone with the cream licked down to form a shallow saucer inside the cone. The largest one known to ornithologists is near St. Petersburg, Florida: twenty-two feet high and ten feet across the top! The Great Eyrie near Vermilion, Ohio, was carefully studied by scientists after it crashed during a storm. Made of sticks (some about the size of logs), turf, fish and animal bones, and other items, all cemented together, it was only twelve feet tall, but had an estimated weight of two tons!

The eagle needs a big nest to serve as a vast cradle where the young eagles learn to walk, to jump about, to glide, and finally to fly. The size of the nest grows with time since eagles return to the same eyrie year after year. Whole towns may grow up around



them before they are finally driven away.

Since the earliest times of recorded history, as far back as 3000 B. C. in Southern Mesopotamia, and later on Roman standards, the eagle has appeared as a symbol of power and freedom. When the Second Continental Congress met in Philadelphia, July 4, 1776, it assigned a committee to devise a seal for the new United States, and the bald eagle was immediately suggested. But the idea met with violent opposition, led by Ben Franklin who wrote: "(The bald eagle) is a bird of bad moral character . . . too lazy to

fish for himself. Like those among men who live by sharpening and robbing he is generally poor and very often lousy. Besides, he is a rank coward; the little kingbird, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly and drives him out of the district."

Modern ornithologists are inclined to disagree. True, the eagle does rob the fishhawk of its prey at times, but it can and does fish for itself. It avoids kingbirds and crows, Francis Herrick wrote in his book on eagles, in the same way a human being avoids a honeybee: willing to duck to prevent annoyance, but if necessary

ready to turn and squash its annoyer. It is as clean as most birds, certainly the most handsome of all eagles, and is a home-loving bird, faithful to its mate. Once mated, a pair of eagles is usually separated only by death, and that may mean a long while together since eagles have a life expectancy equal to that of man. Ornithologists suspect, however, that they have one cause for divorce: if the male eagle is impotent, the female is likely to take off in search of a new mate.

Eagles have a packrat tendency to collect odd items for their nests: not only a new tablecloth, but fishing plugs, light bulbs, neckties, and even silk panties have been found by men who climb up to band the eaglets. One mother eagle was found stubbornly trying to hatch a rubber ball.

There is no authentic case of an

eagle attacking or carrying off a baby, although a full grown eagle can lift seven to ten pounds, and eagles have been known to destroy newborn lambs. But by far the main item of the bald eagle's diet is fish. For this reason the bald eagle and its nests are found most often in areas where the fishing is good: the Florida coasts, the Chesapeake Bay area, the Great Lakes and Alaska.

There is a beauty in the freedom and majesty of this bird, the most regal in America, that fascinates those who watch him. Despite the arguments of old Ben Franklin (adoption of the seal took six years and two more committees), the founding fathers picked a noble bird for our national emblem. And it was a new honor for the bald eagle, the only eagle that is unequivocally American. ■





"Gunk" Makes Quiet Ride

A FORD ENGINEER is shown above placing mastic dampening material on a vibration testing plate. This machine, located in an isolated sound-absorbing room, is one of many instruments perfected by Ford's electrical engineering department to determine the best type of sound deadener or "gunk," as it is known in production. In stick form, this mastic is used inside the steel body panels of Ford cars and trucks to choke off or "dampen" the vibrating tendencies in large steel surfaces. The machine is sensitive enough to record the sound-dampening effect of a handkerchief dropped on its plate. ■



This Is Montgomery

by Warren T. Musgrove

paintings by Claude Peacock

MONTGOMERY, Alabama, is the place where Miss Murphy takes her sixth grade history class to stand on the brass star at the top of the State Capitol steps, marking the spot where Jefferson Davis was made President of the Confederacy.

Every spring and fall the long yellow school buses bring children from all over the state to be herded across the brass star, into the Governor's office, and up a two-story swirl of beautiful stairs which have no visible means of support. From the second story balcony the children may look out and see where the Alabama River comes in to touch Montgomery briefly, then hurries toward Mobile Bay.

The Alabama River isn't what it used to be. The moonlight boat parties with dancing to the music of the calliope have long since given way to less romantic barges which haul freight to Mobile. But there's a grand memory connected with this river, which in the minds of Montgomerians will never be replaced with anything. General Lafayette arrived and departed by the Alabama River in 1825.

When the General arrived Governor Pickens was so overcome with emotion that he could not make a speech. But things have changed since that day. Now, any good Mont-

*Above left: The fountain is at the hub of the city's business district.
Below left: In the cemetery one stone glows with phosphorescent light.*



Early in the morning the vegetable and berry vendors are out in the streets calling their wares to housewives and cooks.

Green's News Stand is the haunt of businessmen, card players, baseball fans and others, including magazine thumbers-through.



gomerian can make a sizable speech beginning, "When Lafayette was here . . ." And in the words of a native, "Anybody is a nobody who doesn't have some object in his home as a memento of that great occasion."

The old White House of the Confederacy stands near the Capitol, complete with its original fine antebellum furnishings. One may see among Jefferson Davis' many personal belongings the table on which he wrote, *The Rise and Fall of the Southern Confederacy*. There is also the sword which he used in the Mexican War.

This trim little mansion was originally planned in the Southern Colonial style, with a central hall and rooms on each side. The Victorian ornamentation was added to the exterior at some later date when it was remodeled.

During the brief period in which the Capitol remained at Montgomery the little house was the center of the most distinguished society of the south. The gentlemen and their ladies marched through a great archway of lighted candles as they made their entrance to the elegant receptions.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis in her book says: "The house chosen for us was a gentleman's residence, roomy enough for our purpose, on a street overlooking the Capitol. We lived there three months, and the most brilliant levees held and the handsomest parties given while Mr. Davis was president were given in that house."

The city of Montgomery stands sock-dab in the heart of Dixieland. And it was here at the old Montgomery Theatre that Dan Emmett took a piece of charcoal and wrote the song, "Dixie," on the wall. Nearby stands the Exchange Hotel where Sidney Lanier entertained great audiences with his silver flute.

But Montgomery's color is not all in the past. One who visits the city in the early mornings will hear the vegetable sellers as they march up the streets with their great baskets balanced on their heads calling out, "Green peas! String beans! Okry! Green cawn! An' dew be'ies!" They sing this chant slowly to match their easy pace. Some of them manage to carry buckets filled with berry juice or syrup in the same manner.

At Green's News Stand the clatter of dominoes and the popping of the boys' shine cloths combine to make a distinctive Montgomery music. And many are the men who dropped by to play one game during a lunch hour and became so



←White House of the Confederacy.

enraptured with the music that they forgot their jobs and played through the entire afternoon.

The most modern notion in Montgomery today is to raise cows. The whole town has gone cow-crazy. The change from cotton to cows in the Black Belt (a gently rolling prairie of fertile black soil similar to the corn belt in Illinois and Iowa) has brought a great influx of western cattlemen into this land where the grass stays green all winter. It's now a contest between the westerners and the natives to see who will own the most fertile black land and grow the fattest cows.

Already the largest cattle market south of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi, Montgomery has recently added to her cow prestige by building a Livestock Coliseum as tall as a six-story building. It is 320 feet long with a seating capacity of 10,000. The arena is 256 by 130 feet.

The roof is a barrel arch of eleven segmented rings of reinforced concrete rising a hundred feet above the arena, and spanning 286 feet between A-frame supports. This design assures ample vision to the thousands of permanent seats encircling the arena.

All arches are of the same size and span, terminating at a continuous footing below the ground level, and providing a flying-buttress effect beyond the periphery of the building.

This great Coliseum serves as the get-together for the farm shows staged by the Future Farmers of America and the 4-H Clubs, and as a center for exchanging farming ideas throughout the state.

Montgomery is the place where the finest Yankee boys come to fly fast jet planes and marry up with slow-talking Alabama gals. The boys are stationed at Maxwell Field, Air College of the United States.

Montgomery's 100,000 people have modern factories, fine schools and a brand-new town house. But those are not really Montgomery. Montgomery is a tall cadet in blue fitting his step to the ambling gate of a honey-mouthed Alabama gal. It is the slapping of dominoes, the cry of the vegetable sellers, the babble of the cattle auctioneer, the White House of the Confederacy.

Montgomery is Miss Murphy herding her sixth grade across the big brass star.

★The new Alabama State Coliseum.



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

Whitneys', New Hampshire

Christmas Plum Pudding

- 1/2 pound dry bread crumbs
- 1 cup scalded milk
- 1 cup sugar
- 4 egg yolks, well beaten
- 1/2 pound seeded raisins
- 1/4 pound seedless raisins
- 2 ounces citron, cut fine
- 1/4 pound figs, chopped
- 1/2 pound suet, chopped
- 1/4 cup wine, jelly or grape juice
- 1 teaspoon each, nutmeg and cinnamon
- 1/4 teaspoon each, clove and mace
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 4 egg whites, beaten stiff

Soak bread crumbs in milk and cool. Add sugar, egg yolks, raisins, figs and citron. Then add suet, wine, spices, salt

and egg whites. Pour into greased mold pans and cover tightly. Steam six hours. Serve with hard sauce.

Summer and winter this inn, located in a comfortable 150-year-old farmhouse at Jackson, is popular with tourists. There are overnight accommodations and the dining room is open for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Reservations preferred.

← painting of Whitneys' by Sascha Maurer

← painting of Pete's Wayside Inn by Peter Paul Dubaniewicz

Pete's Wayside Inn, Ohio

Chicken Paprikash

- 4 pound spring chicken
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 3 medium onions, sliced
- 2 tablespoons paprika
- 1 tablespoon shortening
- 1/4 teaspoon red pepper
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 2 cups broth or cold water
- 3 tablespoons flour

Sauté onions and paprika in shortening slowly for 10 minutes. Add disjointed chicken. Cover pan and simmer slowly until golden brown and tender—about an hour or an hour and a half. Add water if needed. Blend flour, seasonings and sour cream about five minutes

before chicken is done. Stir into chicken mixture slowly. Serve with dumplings or noodles.

A handy stop for travelers, Pete's is open for breakfast, lunch and dinner from 9:00 a.m. to 1:00 a.m. It's at the intersection of Brookpark and Ridge Roads, one block west of U.S. 42 in Cleveland. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mack are the managers and owners.



Goo Goo, Georgia

Individual Baked Alaska

Small short cake
3 ounces vanilla ice cream
2 egg whites, whipped
Pinch of cream of tartar
Pinch of baking powder
Maraschino cherry

Place short cake in the center of a small round oven-proof crockery dish. Top with ice cream. Add cream of tartar and baking powder to beaten egg whites. Spread meringue over ice cream and completely cover it. Place in 350° oven for three minutes. Garnish with cherry. This dessert is featured here all during the holi-

day month of December.

The Goo Goo Restaurant was named for the famous duck of the late Joe Penner. Over 3000 patrons a day enjoy its first class food. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served from 5:00 a.m. to 1:00 a.m. every day, except Monday. It's at 700 Linwood Boulevard in Columbus, just two blocks east of U.S. 27 and U.S. 80.

← painting of Goo Goo by John A. King

← painting of Trilby's by Adolph Kronengold

Trilby's, Mississippi

Christmas Pie

Crust

Combine 1½ cups finely ground Brazil nut meats with ½ teaspoon sugar. Press this mixture to sides and bottom of 9-inch pie tin. Bake in 400° oven for 10 minutes until lightly browned.

Filling

Soak 1 envelope of gelatin in ¼ cup of water. Beat 3 egg yolks with fork and add ¼ cup sugar and ½ teaspoon salt. Gradually stir in 1½ cups scalded milk. Cook in double boiler over hot, not boiling, water till mixture coats spoon. Remove from fire and stir in gelatin. Chill custard until it thickens and beat with egg beater until smooth. Add ½ cup thinly sliced cherries, 3 tablespoons

rum or rum flavoring. Beat 3 egg whites adding ¼ cup sugar as you beat. When stiff fold into custard and pour into pie shell. Top with whipped cream and garnish with green and red cherry halves.

A lovely old mansion houses this restaurant owned and managed by Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Steimer. Lunch and dinner are served daily except Wednesday. Closed from December 15 to 27. On U.S. 90 at Ocean Springs.



The Olde Cheshire, Missouri

Steak and Kidney Pie

2 beef kidneys, diced
1 pound round steak, diced
1 small onion, diced
Salt and pepper, to taste
1 tablespoon Lea and Perrin Sauce
1 teaspoon tabasco sauce
1½ tablespoons Kitchen Bouquet
½ cup flour

Pastry

2½ cups flour
1 cup shortening
½ teaspoon salt
2½ teaspoons baking powder
½ cup milk

Put kidneys and onion in stew pan with water to cover. Boil until tender. Stir in flour mixed with a little water, until smooth. Add remaining seasonings and steak last. Cook until tender.

Place in individual casseroles. Combine pastry ingredients as for biscuits and pat out to about a half inch thick and cover the casseroles. Brush the top with 1 beaten egg and 1 tablespoon cream combined. Bake in oven until brown. Serves four.

Authentic English antiques are used in the decorations of this dining room which is reminiscent of an old British coffee house. Lunch and dinner served daily. It's at 7036 Clayton Avenue (U.S. 40) in St. Louis.

←painting of The Olde Cheshire by Gladis Miles

←painting of Pine Tavern by Art Riley

Pine Tavern, Oregon

Wild Rice Dressing

1½ cups wild rice
1½ loaves stale cracked wheat bread
1 cup celery, cooked and chopped
2 teaspoons parsley, finely chopped
1 large onion, well minced
1 cup bacon drippings or butter
2 eggs, well beaten
1 level teaspoon curry powder (optional)
Egg, if desired
Salt and pepper to taste

Boil rice about 20 minutes in 3 quarts of water, drain well and cool. Fry onion in fat until clear. Crumb bread finely. Mix all ingredients, folding in beaten eggs last and toss dressing lightly. This

recipe enough to stuff a 12-15 pound turkey. Delicious also with any type of fowl or with veal and pork.

Overlooking Mirror Pond on the Deschutes River, Pine Tavern is just a half block off U.S. 97 in Bend, Oregon. Open for breakfast, lunch and dinner from 7:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. Closed on Sundays and holidays.

GAME SECTION

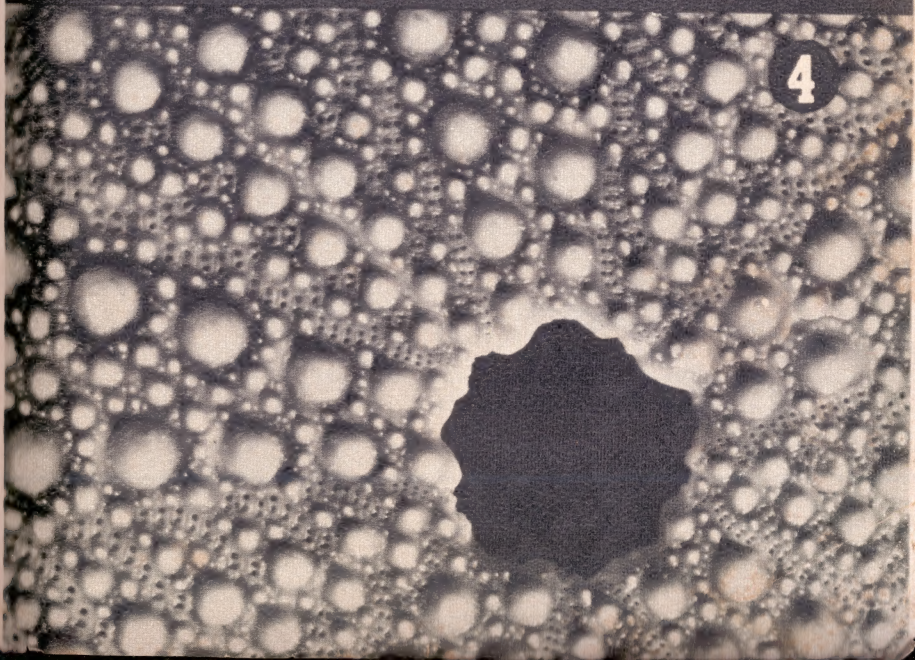
What Is It?

Here are a few year-round residents of the sea and shore. A couple of them might even find their way into one of your favorite seafood dishes. See if you can't identify them. Answers below.

Photos by Clyde McClary

1. Squid. 2. Star fish. 3. Clam.
4. Sea urchin.





Letters



THE SLINGSHOT IS HERE TO STAY

Dear Sirs: I enjoyed the story "The Shotgun Is Here to Stay" in the September issue of the *FORD TIMES* but I wish I'd been along on that hunt; the results might have been different. One day my wife and I were driving through some typical Texas rattlesnake country when we spotted a snake starting across the road ahead of us. I reached for my slingshot and steel balls and attacked. In my nervousness I missed the first two shots but the third was fatal. The picture shows me, the weapon, and four feet of evidence.

GEORGE L. CARLISLE, M. D.
Dallas, Texas

WHOSE WATERFALL IS HIGHEST?

Dear Sirs: I recently saw a copy of your magazine and in an article called "Grand Canyon of the East" it says: "The 107-foot Middle Falls is the second highest (Niagara is the first) in eastern United States." As a native of the Finger Lakes region of New York State I beg to differ. One of the beautiful

ARMADILLOS ARE BUSTING OUT ALL OVER

Dear Sirs: In your July issue, Edward B. Cope said that armadillos are numerous in Florida and that this is "unglamorously" explained by the fact that they escaped from a zoo in Cocoa. Well, if they did they must be very prolific. You couldn't count all the armadillos in Florida. It's more likely that they came into the state in order to enjoy the sunshine. Besides, what's so unglamorous about escaping from a zoo?

PATRICIA BURGOON
Winter Haven, Florida

FINE CHOPPING IN NOVA SCOTIA

Dear Sirs: When you published the fine story on Nova Scotia guides in your August issue you unconsciously paid a great tribute to the guides' skill with an axe. The picture by William Barss on page 13 shows a man making a cut with an axe that could only be made with a saw and chisel. I always knew these Nova Scotia guides were mighty men.

J. R. ENGLISH
Little Rock, Arkansas

things I remember is Taughannock Falls in a state park on Lake Cayuga, and if I remember right it is higher than Niagara.

PVT. P. K. REEVES
Korea

(Editors note: With appreciation of Pvt. Reeves' alertness and pride, and with heads bowed in humility, we quote from the New York State Guide Book: "Taughannock Falls . . . have a drop of 215 feet, 50 feet higher than Niagara.")



design by Charles Harper

Horseless Carriage Adventures

No. 12—PALM BEACH

Julia Marlowe was treading the boards in roles from the Bard . . . Ty Cobb was burning up the majors . . . and "plus four" referred to a golf handicap instead of a pair of knickers. The smart spot for a restful vacation was Palm Beach.

Those were the days when the AAA's Florida tour book bristled with warnings of bad bogs, deep holes, stumps in the road, bad ditches, sharp turns, and bad RR crossings. At Fort Pierce it threw up its hands and announced that "guides should be secured here for the balance of the trip to Palm Beach." Nevertheless, a Mr. James McLaughlin set a record by driving down from Jacksonville in five days and thirty-seven minutes. To pioneers like the 1907 Model K owner lolling in the sea above, the hazards of the journey merely added to the pleasures of arrival. Nowhere else were the breezes balmier, the sunshine shinier, the girls flirtier, the grapefruit squirtier, or the hurricanes more in a hurry.

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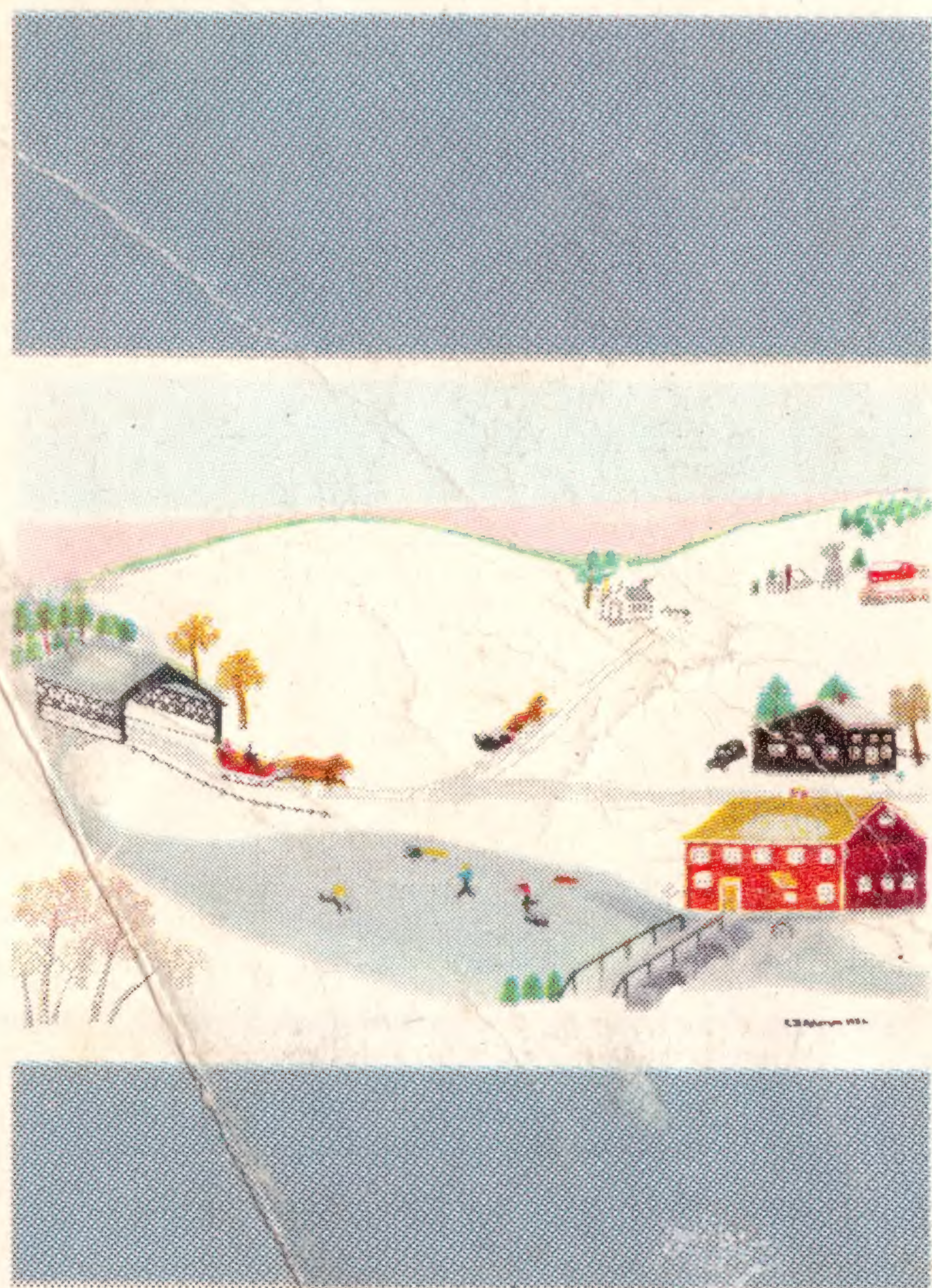
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Front cover—"The Skaters," by Charles B. Allerton, who took up art as a hobby three years ago at the age of eighty-one. He paints entirely from memory; this is a composite of skating scenes remembered from fifty-odd years ago.

The FORD TIMES comes to you through the courtesy of your local dealer to add to your motoring pleasure and information.